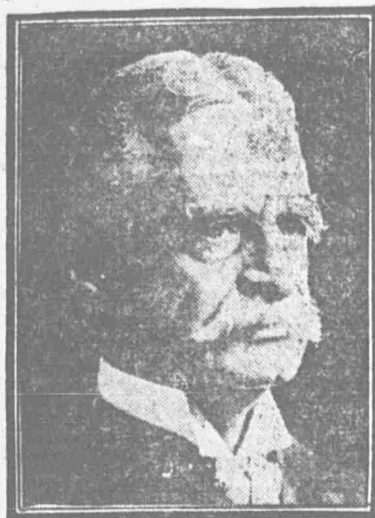


# The Evening World

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## ROGERS AND RYAN—OR YOU.



H. H. ROGERS

The influence of H. H. Rogers, of the "Standard Oil crowd," the influence of Thomas F. Ryan, the evil genius of the Manhattan traction merger, is cast against the reform of insurance rascality.

Where is the influence of the plain people to be cast? How does the strength of the plain people compare with that of these two men and those who fear them, or who hope to imitate them, or who plan to play the jackal's part for the leavings of what they kill?

If there was ever a time for the people to make clear and plain to

their representatives in the Legislature their unconquerable purpose that the honor of the State should be cleared and maintained, this is the time.

The report of the Armstrong committee carries with it recommended laws. Those laws must be passed.

Now nobody will dispute that. It is too evident. What the Rogerses and the Ryans will do, what their little imitators will do, what the legislators will do who hope to share without too much notoriety in the greatest opportunity for bribe money that has ever come even to Albany, is to talk of "amendment," of "modification," of the necessity as "practical men" of the legislators making some "concessions" and "compromises."

You have heard such bosh already. Peabody, Rogers's man in the Mutual, the same Peabody who stood in the way of a further revealing of Mutual rottenness, says that the provision that the insurance companies must sell all their stocks and quit stock-jobbing in the future is too radical. That is probably the part of the committee's work which the "practical" men will try hardest to "amend."

Do not stand for a change. Do not permit it. Do not let the story of last year's 80-cent gas bill be repeated, with Pat McCarren's Senators and Charley Murphy's Senators and Odell's Senators up-State defeating justice.

It happens that the New York Life Insurance Company has practically stopped stock-jobbing already. Why? Virtue of the late Mr. McCall? No; but the Government of Prussia would not let the New York Life do business in Prussia if it owned, bought and sold stocks. Is what is good enough for Prussia too good for us? It was openly announced in the German Reichstag a day or two ago that the Government was waiting for a copy of the Armstrong report. The British Government is doing the same. It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of the whole world, so far as it is concerned in insurance at all, are on the State of New York, awaiting its action.

Most important of all, its own people, who for a whole year have been almost daily nauseated by fresh revelations of corruption in insurance companies, demand that the State under whose seal the iniquity has been wrought shall stop it.

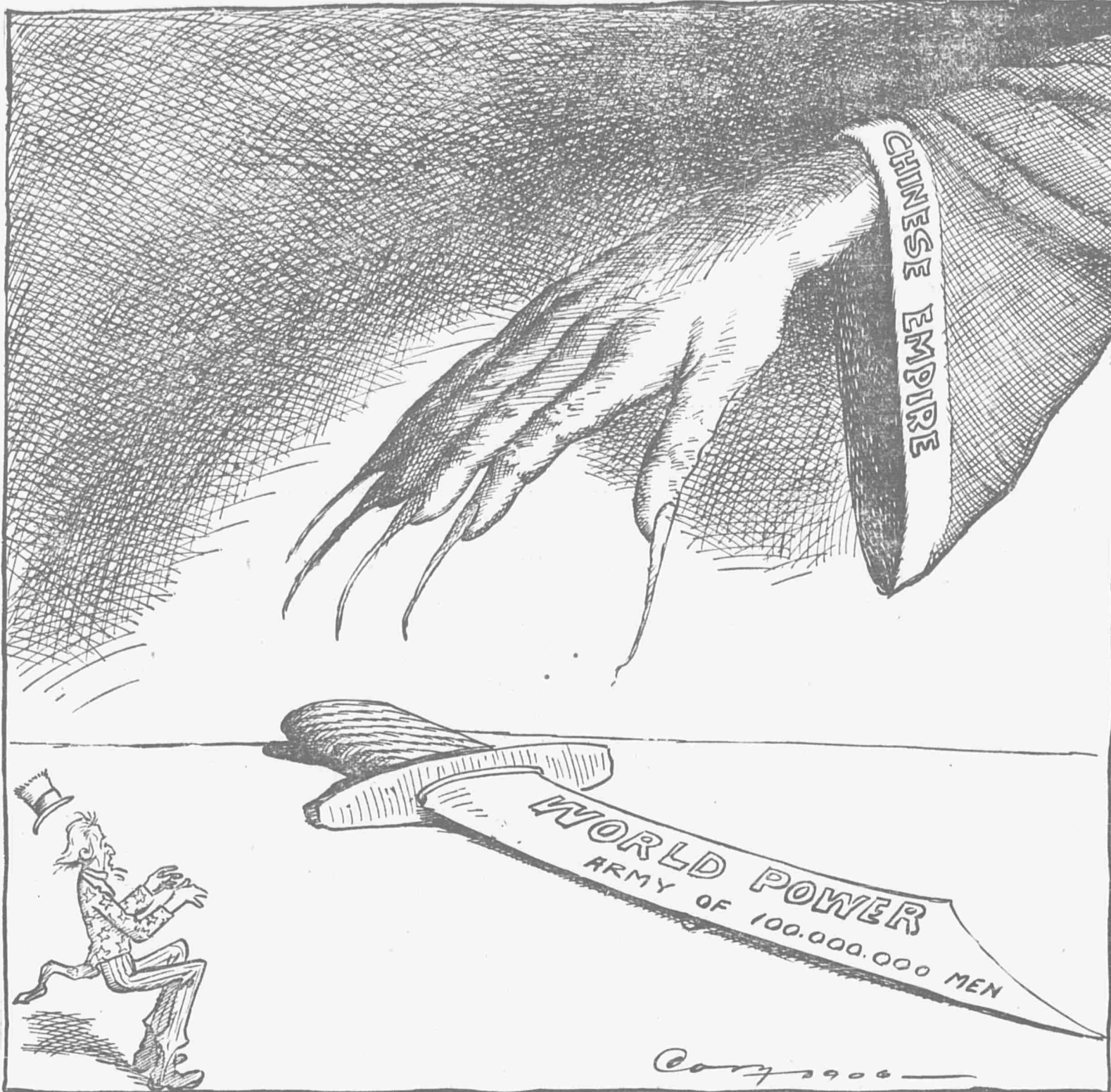
There is one way to do this. It is to see that the report goes into law without one syllable of change which the committees which have done such mend work and Charles E. Hughes, its counsel, do not accept.

Public opinion compelled the investigation. It can compel reform.

"We care not who make the country's laws if we can make its water meters," say the statesmen Sullivan. The humblest ambition is the more easily satisfied.

## The Awakening.

By J. Campbell Cory.



## Letters from the People

### Bridegroom Goes to Bride's Home.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A says that the bridegroom has to go to his intended bride's father's house to marry his bride. B says that the bridegroom has to take his intended bride to his, the bridegroom's father's house, to be married. Mrs. A. L.

Port Richmond, S. I.

Scores Modern Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Take ten girls, eighteen to twenty-two years old. Ask them whether they dance, play cards, are fond of theatres, like trashy novels, and are fond of expensive gowns and hats. Well, nine out of the ten will answer you "Yes." Ask

them, on the other hand, whether they are able to cook, wash, sew and mend their clothes. Well, you are lucky if you find one of the ten able to do that, although the nine want to get married just the same, and the poor fools who marry any of the nine first ones have my sympathy. They talk of "taxing bachelors." Well, let them tax away! They will never get any money from me. I'll go to jail first, and stay there. BACHELOR OF THIRTY-TWO.

About the Lung Block.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In reference to Hamilton street being called a lung block, you would not think so when you look at some of the boys

who come from there. There is Big Florrie Sullivan, his lungs are good, and Lou Rush has very good pipes; Old Boy Mike Mulqueen's lungs are fair, and Charley Ah Sing is very strong in the lungs. A. CONNIE.

Advice for the Would-Be Farmer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
As one who has trod the hot sands of New York City, let me outline a plan for your correspondent A. B., who shows more foresight than thousands of men in New York three times his years. Buy a farm. "Not yet, but soon." Keep your 800 intact. You could not realize on your farm soon enough. Take the poultry end of it for egg

production. Live outside of the city and make some income for current expenses. Start with a good incubator at this time of year for winter layers and a small pen of one, and only one, breed. Don't buy a farm now and depend on it, for you surely will go broke. Why don't you get as street car conductor on a suburban line and board with accommodating country people who are willing to assist you? An incubator needs attention only every twelve hours. Keep your 800 intact and maintain an income while laying the foundation. J. B. H.

None Universally Observed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there any legal national holiday in the United States? A. S.

## Answers to Questions

# THE LITTLE MILLINER

A 20th CENTURY ROMANCE OF LOVE, VALOR, PERIL AND TRUSTING HEARTS

This story is here adapted by the author from Fritz Schaff's comic opera, "Mlle. Modiste," now at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Capt. Etienne de Bouvray, a young French nobleman, is betrothed, by his uncle, the Count of St. Mar, to Miss Fifi, a milliner. Etienne repudiates the match, having fallen in love with a little milliner named Fifi, whom he has known since childhood and to whom he is secretly betrothed. Miss Fifi's brother, a young man named Fifi, is struck by Etienne. Fifi then challenges Etienne. Etienne returns to Paris and breaks with Fifi. Etienne starts for the scene of the proposed duel in a cab. Just before his arrival he discovers Fifi's name in the yellow book. She has come to warn him of a plot to kill him. Fifi is looking on, unseen, from the nearby cab. The formal is discarded. Etienne and Fifi return to Paris and break together.

### CHAPTER VII. The Last Hope.

THE morning of the arrival of the Bents in Paris proved the beginning of an eventful day for little Fifi. It was the 1st of May. Since the autumn afternoon eight months before when she and Etienne had parted on the bridge on the east side of the Seine their fortunes had not experienced much change. Faithful to his ambition to carve for himself a way in the complex thing called life, Etienne had lacked neither initiative nor industry. But he soon discovered that something besides those two qualities are often essential to success.

His captaincy in his regiment continued to make certain expenses inevitable. Etienne felt his limited means more because of the situation in which his own helplessness kept him than because of any restrictions he had to exercise in his own tastes or desires. It pained him deeply that she had to come herself to the little bonnet shop on the Rue de la Paix all day long and sometimes until late in the evening.

He had recently sought to induce her to accept a part of his income, but, as before, Fifi would not listen to any proposals designed to aid her that way. Moved by the interval to see that he had been unwise in his method of trying to force Etienne into accepting matters as he would wish them seen

Le Comte de St. Mar was now convinced that if Etienne could be reduced to a condition of absolute want the youth would be ready to listen to overtures calculated to restore his comfortable place at home. To this end the wily strategist had conspired to have Etienne relieved of his officer's commission. Through a girl in the shop who had a sweetheart in the department Fifi had learned of Le Comte's new plot. The uncle it was, too, who had picked the bubble of Etienne's hopes of income from the lucrative pupils in tactics he had expected to obtain. From the girl at the shop Fifi had learned this also. Le Comte, it seemed, had communicated the wish where it would have sure circulation that his friends would be him a great kindness if they would discourage any efforts of his foolish nephew to earn money.

All the funds Etienne might need, this report said, were always at hand for him. Believing they were helping Etienne as well as maintaining their desirable relations with Le Comte, the youngsters who had been looked upon by Etienne as likely subjects for instruction and profit had listened to the objections of their relatives to Etienne's plan to give them special lessons.

For many reasons Fifi had considered it best not to communicate to Etienne what she had heard of the fresh machinations of his uncle. Le Comte's new conspiracy depressed her. She knew the old soldier's power and lived in daily dread that in some way he would eventually effect a scheme to end even the present limited happiness of herself and Etienne.

At about the hour that the train bearing the Bents to Paris had left the depot at Chermouk Fifi had awakened after a restless night following a strange evening. After supper the night preceding, as usual, she had entered the little parlor and engaged herself at the piano. Upon entering the house before supper she had stumbled over a trunk standing on end in the hall between the outer door and one leading into the parlor. Miss Gervais had told at supper of "Fifi" was in the midst of a new "Hark, hark, the lark," the tones of her voice pervading the stillness of the little house, when she stopped suddenly, startled. A strange, thin, gray man stood in the doorway. As Fifi turned the man came forward, his soft, black hat in his hands, his manner animated.



The blood rushed to Fifi's temples and back to her heart again.

"Continue, I beseech you, mademoiselle," the visitor pleaded.

Surprise and some alarm showed in Fifi's face.

"Pardon," the old man continued, hastily, "I have but just moved in. I have the room on the third floor, front, the small one. I heard you sing. I have been much among singers. I know much about voices. I love music. I roomed once with the composer of that number. Pardon my impulse!"

There was no mistaking the man's sincerity. Fifi, reassured, turned back to the keys as requested and again fell under the magic spell of the composition. The number finished, Fifi turned in her chair.

"Stand up!" Involuntarily Fifi responded to the old man's injunction. "Turn round!" Fifi obeyed. "Cross the room!" Fifi moved as instructed. "How old are you?" Fifi told her age. "Mademoiselle," said the old man im-

pressively, as he himself dropped into the seat at the piano, "I mean you but good. I am certain that some other agency than chance led me to this house to-day. I have something important to say to you. Before I commence I would present the only introduction I now have with me to convince you. I am qualified to speak with authority of the bare subject in view—music."

The stranger then turned slowly in his chair and faced the piano. Only the little stone clock on the otherwise bare parlor mantel told Fifi how long her visitor had been playing. But her eyes were suffused with tears when the musician turned at last from the keys and faced her. Never had she heard such phrasing. The instrument that was most rebellious to her most gentle and suave efforts at times had filled the room with liquid melodies that seemed to explore every chamber of her

soul.

"You are a great player, mademoiselle!"

The compliment fell from Fifi's lips unconsciously.

"I had hoped you might think so," the old man answered. "Music," he added, "is an art that has no room for self or vanity. I accept your tribute, as I expect you to accept mine. Mademoiselle, you are a great singer!"

The blood rushed to Fifi's temples and back to her heart again. What if it were true? As collectedly as she could she thanked the old musician for his good opinion.

"If that were all I had to tell you, mademoiselle," the old man went on, with some fervor, "I should not have spoken. But I am convinced that the all-wise power that rules our destinies influenced me this morning to seek a room on this side of the Seine instead of the other. But for that I would not have found you. But for that you might never have been discovered. But through me I believe the world can be given the rapture of that voice!"

The stranger then imparted to Fifi the impressions and convictions that had come to him since when sitting

alone in his little room upstairs he had first heard her voice in song. He was a retired member of the orchestra of the Opera Comique. For years, two decades back, he had been the principal musical director of the great theatre. Before his acceptance of the leadership at the Comique he had been a member of the musical body at the first of the theatres of Paris, the Opera.

For almost half a century he had mingled professionally with the greatest singers and composers of France. Voices like Fifi's were priceless, he said. With some necessary tuition anything in all the gifts of the art operatic were possible to the owner of such notes. The necessary influence, without which the old man assured her all her gifts were valueless professionally, he himself was singularly situated to command.

Not all the musicians of either body could further the introduction of an aspirant for honors at the Opera Comique. The directors were the wall of that body that ambitious girls ever found confronting and menacing them. All Paris knew the price a new girl was expected to pay before she could take a place worth while among the singers of the Comique or the Opera.

But he, Henri Javals, had saved the life of the man who held secret strings tied to most of this body of directors. For risking his own life to save this man during the uprisings of '71 the old musician had been invited to come to this director at any time with any request and it would be granted. Old Javals had never attempted to collect this debt of gratitude. But in the morning he and Fifi, he said, would go to the theatre and get an audience with this man. He should sing for him.

Before another sundown her position at the Opera Comique would be a fact. After her interview with the aged musician Fifi had retired in ecstasy. In the morning she had been awakened by a gentle knock at her door. She had risen hastily.

"Who is it?" she asked. The thin voice of the old musician came to her through the panels. He had arisen early, he said, so as to complete his unpacking and be in good time at the theatre. At the coffee-house near the bridge kept by a friend he had been shocked by the news of the death over night of his patron, the director at the Opera Comique. It was all too dreadful. The news had so shocked him that he would be forced to take to his bed for the remainder of the day.

Perhaps some way might offer itself later whereby they could between

## A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story.

JAPANESE proprietors of three large modern apartment houses for Orientals in San Francisco have decreed that no children shall be allowed within their walls.

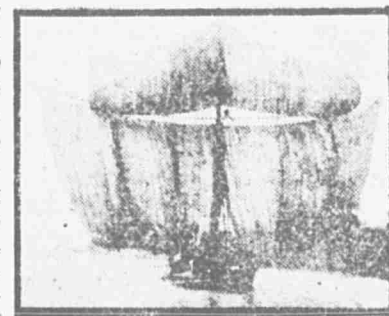
Had Gen. Bingham been appointed in Morocco instead of in New York this is the sort of man he would have had under his command. The Moorish policeman's dress is a gown with an outer robe thrown over it, precluding the possibility of chasing a malefactor with any degree of speed. Instead of a club he carries a staff and a long-handled sword.

"I might as well be dead as alive. I've nothing to live for." As a tramp on the road near Lehigh, England, said this, he was struck by lightning, dying instantly.

During a Manchurian engagement a Japanese officer found a Peking spaiel wandering lost between the opposing lines. It came at his whistle, and was at once affectionate. Later, when the charge sounded, the dog started forth with his new friend, but, as it could not keep up with the rush, the Jap tucked it under his left arm, and so led his men to victory.

A Canadian farmer, hurling a sledge hammer at a fleeing fox, unearthed a valuable silver and nickel mine.

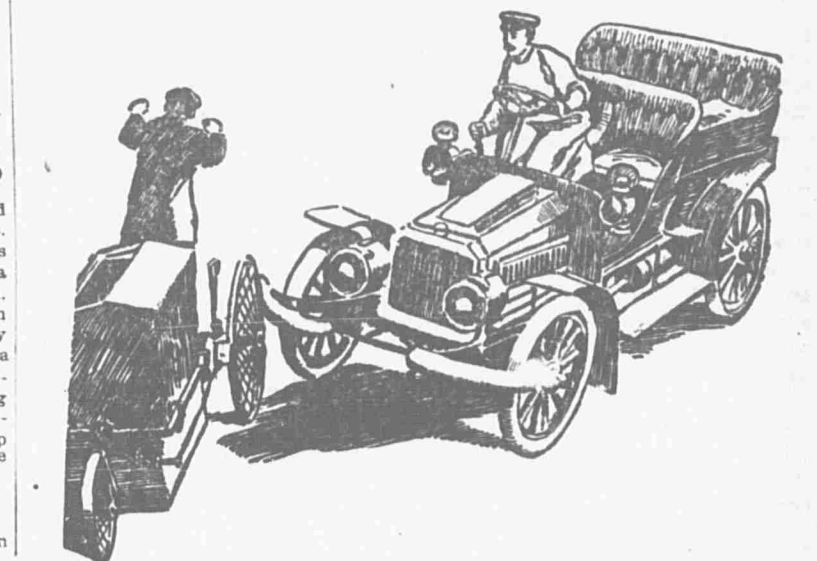
This is one of the famous "paddy," or rice boats, of Burma. Perhaps no other craft in the world carry such tremendous expanses of sail in comparison to the size of the hull. They are used wholly for river traffic, as they would be unseaworthy on larger bodies of water.



A Long Island man whose wife had decided to establish residence in Sioux Falls, said that she might divorce him, travelled West with her, as she was unaccustomed to going alone—and didn't like to, anyway.

A Saybrook (Conn.) house was set on fire in April by the rays of sunlight focused on a curtain by a goldfish globe.

The buffer now in use on some American and European automobiles is purely a safety device. The picture shows a collision with a carrier cycle, which is saved from wreck by the buffer. It is claimed that in more serious collisions the attachment protects the lamps, mud guards and wheels of motor cars that are fitted with it.



## By HENRY BLOSSOM, The Famous Dramatist.

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them, he and she, contrive to secure her employment at some of the other theatres. So long retired from the working ranks himself, however, he bade her not to be too hopeful of the value of his help. But still it was before his acceptance of the leadership at the Comique he had been a member of the musical body at the first of the theatres of Paris, the Opera.

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(To Be Continued.)